

JOURNAL CORRESPONDENT ON THE TEXAS TELLS HOW OUR BIG GUNS MADE SIEVES OF THE BEST SHIPS IN SPAIN'S NAVY.

thing to capture some Spanish prisoners ourselves, so we joined some dispatch boats and headed for the Infanta Maria Teresa, further along the coast to the eastward.

This vessel is not quite in such bad condition as the Oquendo. Blackened by fire and battered by shell she certainly is, but her after military mast still stands, her bridge, though much bent and twisted, is recognizable as a bridge, and she has not such terrible shot wounds in her hull as the Oquendo. Nevertheless she was the first of the Spanish ships yesterday to give up the fight and head for the shore.

We found her still smoldering. In the fire the cartridges occasionally popped, as though feebly endeavoring to continue the fight.

Capturing a Group of Spanish Prisoners.

Wile William Hemment photographed the wreck I scanned the shore for Spaniards, and finally saw some score of figures huddled together in one corner of the beach. We shouted to them and made a demonstration with our firearms, and the poor, cowed fellows, with great alacrity, waved a white handkerchief or shirt in token of surrender.

I jumped overboard, swam ashore, and told them we were going to take them aboard our boat to the Admiral. They appeared rather gratified than otherwise, and seemed to dread the Cubans far more than the Americans.

I sent our small boat for the ship's launch, first having landed Mr. Hemment and his assistant. We three stood guard over our wretched Spaniards until the launch arrived. Several Spanish bodies, upon which the vultures fed, lay along the beach. Mr. Hemment took some rather gruesome photographs while I made the Spaniards bury their dead.

The Dreadful Accuracy of the American Gunnery.

Most of our prisoners were wounded, having been in the heat of the fight, and we learned from them how the gunnery of the Americans had become fiercer and more deadly, until the Spanish crews had deserted their guns and had been shot down by their own officers; how, as the conditions of the battle became more and more desperate, the fine wines and liquors of the officers' mess had been handed out to the crews, so that with drunken courage they would fight on in the hopeless fight, and how at last the officers themselves gave up, and, scuttling their ships, drove them on the shore.

Of our prisoners, sixteen were from the Vizcaya, six from the Oquendo and seven from the Maria Teresa, making a total of twenty-nine. We took them aboard the Silvia and headed for the fleet. As we passed the Texas we signalled our capture and received a hearty cheer from her jackies.

Admiral Sampson thanked us very courteously and asked us to deliver our prisoners on board the St. Louis. We did so, receiving a receipt in due form from the officer of marines in charge. This receipt I have forwarded to the Journal.

The Grief of Captain Eulate, of the Vizcaya.

While aboard the St. Louis we met Captain Eulate, of the Vizcaya, whom I had seen in New York some months ago under very different conditions. The Captain expressed his grief at the sad turn affairs had taken, but said he had done his best and could do no more.

Admiral Cervera was also on board, and we spoke a few words to him. The old gentleman is a fine, imposing figure as he stands, still proudly, in his full uniform, with all the gold braid and several decorations of his rank on his breast. The full effect is somewhat marred by the fact that his trousers are very damp from wading ashore, escaping from his burning and disabled ship. But only the irreverent would take notice of such things.

From the fleet we went to the wreck of the Vizcaya, and while Mr. Hemment takes photographs of the great hole in her bow, I sit on a dismounted gun and write these few notes of Monday's proceedings to be forwarded to you.

Great heavens! Is this rent and ruined hull, black and battered, blistered and burned, with the heaps of rubbish on its deck, with the gaping chasm in its bow, bordered by jagged points as if some mighty splash of liquid iron had suddenly turned cool—is this the noble boat we all admired so much and dreaded not a little as she lay in New York Harbor just before the war? Is this the deck from which Captain Eulate trained his guns on the tall buildings of New York?

W. R. HEARST.

STORY OF THE FIGHT BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

A Journal Man on the Texas Tells
of the Destruction of
Spain's Fleet.

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Special Cable to the New York Journal.

On Board the Battle Ship Texas, July 3, via Journal Dispatch Boat to Kingston, July 3.—"They're coming out!" This was the cry that startled all our ships at 9:30 o'clock this (Sunday) morning.

It was Lieutenant Bristol who uttered the exclamation. We were lying directly in front of Santiago harbor, and he had seen moving smoke floating over a point on the right of the harbor entrance. Hardly had he shouted, when out from behind the Estrella battery poked the nose of a cruiser, coming with a big bone in her teeth.

"Clang!" sounded the electric gongs.

The ship's company beat to general quarters, the orders were shouted for full steam ahead, and in dashed the Texas to meet the foe.

"It's the Vizcaya," was the general comment.

Certainly the ship belonged to the Vizcaya class, but before we had one wondering what she was trying to do we saw the Cristobal Colon, easily distinguishable by the military mast between the two funnels.

She was treading on the heels of the foremost ship, tearing through the water at tremendous speed, the smoke rolling from her funnels and hiding what was astern of her.

Closing in on the Enemy.

In a few minutes, however, we made out two more cruisers of the Vizcaya type, and were then sure that Cervera was at last coming to give us battle in a desperate attempt to cut his way to freedom.

On we went, getting more speed at every kick of the screw. From the first the signal flags had been fluttering the message:

"The enemy is trying to escape!"

We could see that the cruiser Brooklyn and the big battle ships Iowa and Oregon responded at once and shaped their courses for the enemy, their distance from the shore being about two and a half miles at the time they first got our signal.

But we had little time to look around. Hardly was the leading Spanish ship clear of the shadows of old Morro before "boom" went one of her big guns—and the battle had begun. That first shell went wild.

Firing the Big American Guns.

Then our old ship shook from her keel up. The big Texas' guns began to talk, and soon our other ships were mixing in the fray.

The Spaniards turned to the westward, and we kept boring in on them. They fired incessantly, and kept their engines going under forced draught, evidently intending to outrun us and escape.

The Brooklyn, just as good at the running game as they were, turned her course nearly parallel with theirs, though drawing into closer quarters a little all the while. She was soon in good range and her running fight must have been a great one; but we had so much on our own hands that there was no time to stop and admire Commodore Schley's work with his guns.

We were still well in the lead of our ships, nearer the enemy than the others and getting a large share of the enemy's attention. We hammered away at the foremost ships, and they hammered back as they gradually drew away to the westward keeping in the shadow of the shore.

But we nailed the third ship in their line. This was either the Vizcaya or the Maria Teresa. We had her in fine fighting range before she could get by, and you should have seen the first battle ship commissioned in the United States Navy when she got down to business in her first sea fight. They used to call the Texas the "Old Hoodoo," but I guess the "Old Hero" will be good enough for us after this day.

Our Shots Hit the Mark.

We were in close enough now, so we turned west with our adversary. Our speed was not equal to hers, but what we lacked in speed we made up with shells. We could see that our shots were getting home, but the enemy replied with much spirit and some accuracy.

Captain Philip was on the bridge up to this time, but it soon became the part of discretion to retire, so he ordered the bridge contingent to the conning tower passage, taking control of the ship from the tower itself.

There is a good angel presiding over Captain Philip. Hardly had he left the bridge when a big shell from one of the fleeing Spaniards ripped right through the pilot house. It certainly would have killed the man at the wheel and possibly every officer on the bridge had not the captain given his conning tower order just as he did.

So the captain, with Executive Officer Harbor, Navigating Officer Milner and Cadet Reynolds, who was operating the range finder, stood on the conning tower platform, issuing his orders through messengers, and keeping as cool as charity through all the heat of the fighting.

Texas's Terrible Twelve-Inch Guns.

For half an hour the enemy's shells whistled all about the Texas. One more got home. This one bored a hole through the ash hoist amidships and exploded inside the smokestack, doing some merely incidental damage and injuring nobody.

Our own guns, however, were enough to kill delicate men. Their din was so dreadful that orders had to be shouted right into the ears of our messengers. Then the smoke would come up in such density that we couldn't see each other.

On two occasions the 12-inch turret guns were swung athwart ship and turned loose. The concussion then shook the immense vessel as if she had been a toy boat. The sensation was much as if we had been struck with a big projectile. Everything movable was splintered. All the men near the guns were thrown on their faces. Seaman Schram was knocked through a hatchway into the forward handling room, breaking his leg.

But the enemy must have suffered more than we did from the shots, for we held a deadly range, and the guns were being served as guns never were served before.

The Oregon had come whirling past and gone on to help Schley and the Brooklyn dispose of the leading Spanish ships. The Iowa, too, had turned westward, and was continually thundering. We were all in the mess up to our elbows.

"She's on fire!"

The Texas Destroyed Her Antagonist.

That was the word we passed from ear to ear, shrieking it in our joy, for masses of smoke were pouring from our particular antagonist, and in a pause of the firing we heard our men cheer and shout their glee. Our big shells had got through her armor, and we felt that our part of that fight was nearly won.

Soon we saw that our smoking and battered adversary was done for and was making at all speed for the beach. So we let her go and began firing at the cruiser steaming behind her—the fourth in the Spanish line.

The Brooklyn and Oregon, after a few parting shots, also abandoned all effort to help us smash this particular cruiser, and devoted all their steam and guns to the two foremost vessels, which we took to be the Oquendo and the Cristobal Colon.

Just then we sighted the two torpedo boat destroyers, the Furor and the Pluton. They had come out behind the cruisers, and were sneaking off down the coast, going as if they had the right of way.

Firing on the Small Ships.

"All small guns on the torpedo boats!" went the order.

Soon we had the ocean splashing and foaming all about them.

Ensign Cise, with a six-pounder of the starboard battery, got in the first effective shot. It struck the leading destroyer fairly in the boiler.

Above the roar of battle we could hear a crashing and rending, and we saw a great spout of black smoke roll up from that torpedo boat. Either the Furor or the Pluton went out of commission then and there.

Up came the Iowa with a rush and threw a few shots at the second destroyer, but passed on for larger game. Then the gallant little Gloucester, which is nothing but Pierpont Morgan's converted yacht, the Corsair, sailed right into that Spanish terror of the sea and had her finished in short order.

But gun for gun, shot for shot, the four big American vessels and the four finest ships in Spain's navy kept up the fight. By 10:30 o'clock—one hour from the time Lieutenant Bristol saw that cloud of smoke—the two cruisers, which were last to leave the harbor, were smoking ruins, going on the beach to keep from sinking.

Riddled Cruisers Run on the Beach.

Up went a white flag on the one nearest us, and "Cease firing!" was Captain Philip's immediate order. A moment later both Spanish cruisers were beached, and bright flashes of flame coming through the smoke which enveloped them, told of the destructive force of boiler or magazine explosions.

We could see the ships' boats crowded to their gunwales pulling for the shore. The Iowa, which had received some pretty hard knocks in the fight, remained to see that these two ships were really done for, while the Brooklyn, Texas and Oregon pushed on to end or capture the other two, which were racing for life along the coast to the westward, well in shore.

At 10:50 o'clock Admiral Cervera's flagship, the Oquendo, suddenly turned for the shore, the Oregon and Brooklyn pounding her abeam, while we were blazing away astern.

"Finishing Off" the Oquendo.

On went the Brooklyn and Oregon after the Cristobal Colon, which really looked as if she were going to get away, as she was making great speed. We were left to give the Oquendo the coup de grace.

It didn't take us long. The Spanish Admiral's ship was already burning, and at 11:05 down came the yellow and red flag at her stern, and we swung in abeam.

Then, in a moment there was a mighty explosion on the Oquendo, and our boys set up a cheer.

"Don't cheer boys!" shouted Captain Philip. "Those poor devils are dying!"

So we left her to her fate to go plugging on after Colon, which, in her desperation, was ploughing through the water at a pace that put the Brooklyn to her best efforts. The Oregon was making wonderful speed for a battle ship and we just settled down to make the effort of our lives. Never since our trial trip have we done so well.

We all feared that the Cristobal Colon would leave us all except the Brooklyn, and Commodore Schley's ship was not supposed to be a fair fighting match for the big Spanish cruiser. We couldn't afford to have it said that even one of the Spanish ships got away, so these moments of the chase were thrilling ones.

After the Last Fleeing Ship.

Straight into the west we headed, blazing and banging as we went, in the greatest marine race of modern times. The Brooklyn headed out toward a point, in the endeavor to cut off the Spaniard there, while the Oregon held to a middle course, not much over a mile from the cruiser, and we hammered away from the Colon's wake.

The desperate don hugged the shore, firing now and again at us and giving the Brooklyn and Oregon her best fire. We held up astonishingly well under our forced draught, and no one need ever sneer at the speed of the old Texas again.

But run as she might the Spaniard had no chance. The Brooklyn gradually forged ahead of her and got between her and the place where she would have to make her swing to round that point. For over two hours she had led us a lively chase, but her time had come. The Oregon held her abeam and the Texas astern. There was no way of escape.

At 1:15 in the afternoon the gallant Colon gave it up and turned her bow for the beach. At 1:20 down came her flag, though not one of our ships was then within a mile of her, but we all closed in, Brooklyn, Oregon and Texas together, stopping our engines a few hundred yards away.

Commodore Schley boarded the enemy and the surrender was to him. Just then the New York, with Admiral Sampson aboard was seen coming up, accompanied by the Vixen.

Schley Tells Sampson of the Victory.

"We have won a great victory! Details will be communicated."

Such was the signal Schley set for his Admiral, and the victory certainly was Schley's.

Then, in that little cove under the high hills of the Cuban coast, we Americans celebrated our Fourth of July on the 3d of the month. The celebration may have been a little premature, according to the almanac, but it was as hearty as any joyousness ever indulged in. Our ships cheered one another, the captains exchanged loud compliments through their megaphones, and the Oregon turned out her band to send the music of "The Star-Spangled Banner" over the lines of Spaniards drawn up to be surrendered.

MANY REFUGEES ARE NOW AT KINGSTON.

Kingston, Jamaica, July 5.—The British cruisers Pallas and Alert and the Austrian cruiser Maria Theresa arrived here this afternoon from Santiago with British subjects. Consul Ramsden remained, but sent his family. The Pallas brought twenty-nine persons, the Alert thirty-four and the Maria Theresa seventy-seven.

The cruisers reached the entrance of Santiago harbor yesterday and asked Sampson's permission to enter. The Admiral advised them not to, on account of contact mines.

The ships laid off Morro Castle and sent launches in. The Spanish flag was still floating from Morro on a temporary flagstaff. The other was shot away by our ships. The lower stripe of red was torn off and a hole torn through the centre where a shot struck.

Men were working remounting guns right that were left on Morro, evidently from Cervera's fleet. They were protected by barrels and bags of sand.

Stray shots from our guns have entered the dooryards in Santiago, and it is dangerous on the street.